

WEEKLY CHILlicothe

VOLUME VIII.

CHILlicothe, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1885.

NUMBER 5.

RANDOM CLIPPINGS.

SUSSEX Cakes admits that the profit on his books has never been so great as to "seriously annoy" him.

M. Goussin has received from the art loving French Government \$50,000 in honor of the fifteenth performance of his "Tribute to Zoroaster" at the Grand opera house.

A citizen of Boston offers to become one of one hundred, two hundred, or five hundred to contribute the \$30,000 needed to complete the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue at New York.

Carlotto Patti will return to America for a concert tour next season. Her husband, M. Ernest de Munck, the violinist, will be a member of her company. Mr. Max Strakosch will manage her tour.

M. Thibault, who cast the reduced copy of the Bartholdi statue for the city of Paris, contracted for the completion of it by May 1, but failed to do so, and forfeited thereby \$3,000. The original contract price was \$4,000—\$12,000.

Mr. Henry Russell, the composer, who forty years ago visited the United States, when he wrote the music to "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and also to "Eyes Sargent's 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,'" is living at a very advanced age in England.

There have been deposited in the Hudson river above Troy, at the request of Fish Commissioner Blackford, 1,200,000 young shad, hatched at the United States fish hatching station at Havre de Grace. The New York fishery commission are also engaged in hatching shad on the Hudson near Catskill.

Paris correspondents constantly convey the idea that Mrs. Bonanza Mackey flies occasionally from her Paris mansion to her Florida palace, but the Mrs. Mackey at Florence is Mrs. Donald Mackey, of Boston, who is quite as famous as her Paris prototype for her wonderful toilets and elegant entertainments.

The latest discovery of gold diggings in the Santa Rosa mountains of Chihuahua, Mexico, an almost inaccessible region, surrounded by arid forests and infested by rattlesnakes and hostile Indians. Fabulous reports of wealth, however, have started the usual caravans of adventurers men to the locality from Eagle Pass, New Mexico.

A Buffalo dog under a course of instruction in carrying articles in its mouth inadvertently swallowed a silver dollar. The money being out of its element gave trouble and threatened the life of the valuable animal that had so suddenly withdrawn it from circulation. A medical student chloroformed the dog, cut into the stomach and recovered the silver, and sewed up the wound. The dog is now as good as ever; and so is the dollar.

The native cunning of the Chinaman was exhibited during a stage robbery in Oregon lately. Two masked men armed with revolvers stopped the stage, ordered the passengers to dismount, form in line, and hold up their hands, an invitation they responded to with alacrity. Among the number was a Chinaman, who intentionally fell down during the excitement and threw his money, \$25, in the grass. The other passengers were relieved of their watches and money, while the robbers departed and the Chinaman regained the money he had so shrewdly disposed of.

A BOSTONIAN newspaper publishes this account of the recent wedding of Lord de Grey and the countess of Londale: "Yesterday, at the Church of St. Martin, in the environs of London, took place the marriage of Mrs. Gladys, duchess dowager of Londale, to Milor Robinson, Count de Grey. The bride belongs to the highest, and most ancient nobility of England, and is the sister of the count of Pembroke Wilton. The bridegroom, on the contrary, is the eldest son of that Marquis de Ripoy who was the first of the Nabobs to be ennobled by her Britannic majesty."

There are only two colored members of the West Point corps—John Hanks Alexander, of Ohio, and George Young, of the same state. Young is a black, regular-featured lad, with less intelligence than Alexander. Young is not doing as well as might be wished for, and his chances for remaining on the Point are said not to be of the best. Alexander, too, has slightly fallen to the rear in his studies. Last year he stood ninth in his class, but has this year gone back to sixteenth place. This, however, is a common thing among the cadets, and if he holds on with the tenacity he has so far displayed his average at the end will compare favorably with many of his white friends in the corps.

There are within the republic of Mexico, according to the most reliable statistics, sixteen schools for the high branches of female education, sixteen preparatory schools for professional careers, nineteen law colleges, twenty-six seminaries of ecclesiastical studies, nine colleges of medicine, eight for engineering, one for practical mining engineers, and thirty-one public institutes or lycées where, besides preparatory studies, the careers of lawyer, physician, apothecary, merchant, or engineer may be acquired. Besides these are four colleges of fine arts, two colleges of agriculture, one special for the blind, one for the deaf-mutes, three of mechanical arts and trades for men and women, three conservatories of music, one military college, two nautical academies, and several normal schools and colleges where the profession of teacher is taught.

DECORATION-DAY.

The weary thro' the land is still, the cannon's sullen lips are dumb; the flag that once we saw in glory, now we see it draped in gloom; the flags hang drooping from the staff, the streets are filled with graves; long dormant memories spring to life, we live the dead past all again.

We see the lines of blue and gray, moved for the fight, as in the past; we hear the neighing of the steed, and hark to the bugle's call; instead of strife, the lute of peace breathes a soft and sad strain; and wonder vaguely why we see—our offerings from their narrow room!

The empty sleeve a Northern banner, the faded flag a Southern one; the flag that once we saw in glory, now we see it draped in gloom; the flags hang drooping from the staff, the streets are filled with graves; long dormant memories spring to life, we live the dead past all again.

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FARM MANAGEMENT.

How to Treat Wounds in Farm Animals—Suggestions on Raising Oak Trees from Seed—General Industrial Miscellany.

Wounds in Animals. There are two principal methods, writes an English veterinary surgeon, by which wounds are repaired. The first of these, and the more favorable of the two, is the method termed by surgeons dealing by the first intention. Under favorable circumstances, the wound is closed by the edges of the wound meeting in close contact after bleeding has ceased. The two surfaces then become cemented together by the formation of a thin, intermediate layer of new tissue. The other principal method of repair is healing by the second intention. This is what takes place in large incised wounds when the cut surfaces are not brought together and maintained in close contact.

Let's see. You stick in a broom splint, don't you, when you want to know if the pie is done? When's the pie done? Show me the happy broom that is to be immortalized by testing this grand apothecary of pie!

Mrs. Spoonendyke produced the broom, and the husband, carefully selecting one of the splints, jabbed away at the upper crust.

"It won't go in," he remarked, regretfully, selecting another with similar results. "The trouble is with the broom. Haven't you got a broom that knows something about its business, or is this the kind of broom brooms that won't work on Sundays?"

And he broke up several more splints in a vain endeavor to penetrate the pie.

"Hah! you better try the handle, dear!" suggested Mrs. Spoonendyke. "No! I don't better try the handle, dear!" mimicked Mr. Spoonendyke. "Come out here, and let's see what the occasion of this unexplained resistance!"

And Mr. Spoonendyke hauled his pie out, and the oven and fired it down on the table. "Got an idea that you're going to be associated with a broom splint, haven't you? Think you're a sort of a bulwark of American liberties and bound to resist foreign intervention, don't you? Well, you're not only a bully, but a knave, and you're going to have something stuck in you, if it takes a cold chisel and a cannon!"

And Mr. Spoonendyke, with a chopping-knife, without producing the faintest impression, continued to chop at the pie.

"You're up in pie, what I've supposed is the matter with the thing!" he asked, turning on his wife.

"If I'd been your mother, I should have put some lard in the crust," retorted Mrs. Spoonendyke, complacently.

"I don't know how you're going to get lard in a crust that can't be penetrated by a lard!" retorted Mr. Spoonendyke, upon whom it began to dawn that there was a high price paid for the pie.

"I've almost forgotten how mother did try pies to see if they were done." "Did she ever try a club?" inquired Mrs. Spoonendyke, timidly.

"No, she didn't try a club!" roared Mr. Spoonendyke. "Come hither, my girl, and let me show you the apparatus."

"Listen to the voice of the stern inquiringly within!" he dropped it on the floor, and planted his heel upon it. "Front door closed for repairs; entrance at the back!" said he, looking the whole business to the ceiling.

"Your mother must have been very vigorous for her age," observed Mrs. Spoonendyke, calmly.

"Is those gashed hints of meat?" asked Mr. Spoonendyke, picking up his pie, and examining it with a look of intense interest.

"I suppose your mother put in the spices and cider after the hired man had wrenched the pie open," remarked Mrs. Spoonendyke, solemnly.

"You do, do!" squealed Mrs. Spoonendyke, putting down and resting his hands on his knees, while he grinned in his wife's face. "That lump of quicksilver you call your mind, has got around to where it transacts the supping business, and it's traps you don't like the pie!"

"I suppose you've got some fashionable notion that you don't care to associate with this pie! Well, you needn't. I don't love unpleasant acquaintances on my life. I believe in making home a pleasant place, and still when I see a pie, I do it to the pie!"

And he shielded his face from the window, glass, and said, "That suit you?" he yelled. "Does your moral nature feel relieved by the absence of the pie you have been so reluctant in casting, from the child's charities of an unsympathetic world?"

"I guess that pie can take care of itself," suggested Mrs. Spoonendyke, soothingly. "The next time I make one, I'll try, and have it just as your mother used to."

"You'll fetch it!" roared Mr. Spoonendyke, stamping up and down the kitchen and slapping the floor off his coat. "You never had any trouble with a pie, did you? I'll tell you, some day I'll put lard in your pie, and spice in your eye, and leave you in the oven to reflect on how you'd like to be cut off from intellectual social intercourse, just because you ain't got a head!"

"Sit down, Tom, I am glad to see that you are so sensible."

"Yes, father, I have said my office, but I have bought another one."

"Get up! You have lost what little sense you ever did have."—*Arcturion Tracer*

The most popular weights, in lawn-tennis racquets, is the French one, and the symmetrical form taken the place of the pear-shaped one, but it does not make so much difference. It's the crust that talks.

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"I suppose you've got some fashionable notion that you don't care to associate with this pie! Well, you needn't. I don't love unpleasant acquaintances on my life. I believe in making home a pleasant place, and still when I see a pie, I do it to the pie!"

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EVIDENCES OF EVOLUTION.

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